

They were the dark rhetoric
of Marcuse
come to play on commodities
of Spring
before Mark Rudd or Guevera
's end.
Swept wheat
hair like the fields of Karelia.
We lead bullocks through the pastures
of hair floating over the window boxes
and all the faces of the people
seemed to come undone.

For Sandra Hochman

Poetess:
pitted against a nest
of virgins
(mostly hardwoods) she
draws in fists of honey
making bees:
hides them in the wreaked grains.
A hive transported
broken through Poughkeepsie
to the dark stone country
west of Troy and Saratoga
becomes herself:
the medieval carnival:
Queen of diseased oak
she sings like Sappho.

-- Ben Pleasants

Beverly Hills, Calif.

John XXIII

Pope John you fox you foxed them good.
What they had in mind was someone
dying, fat, and full of gratitude,
a papal puppet for the interim.

And you were all these things, you sly
old saint, so grateful to be simply
under earth's rotunda, corpulent
with years of pasta contentment,

and dying surely dying just to see
what death is like. The perfect man
for the job, a comfort to duennae
and the cortege of cardinals. A gull.